

## **"Road Not Taken"**

Covenant Group Curriculum, River of Grass Unitarian Universalist Congregation,  
Davie, FL

**Opening Meditation/Music/Silence/Chalice Lighting** (whichever one(s) you choose to do)

### **Opening Words:**

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence: Two roads diverged in a wood,  
and I -- I took the one less travelled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

--Robert Frost

### **Check-in/Sharing**

### **Topic/Reading:**

But, you ask: "Suppose I start down one way, believing it is helping me to get into the habit of myself, and I find, after a time, that it isn't working? Suppose if I were given the same choice to make over again, I would choose differently?"

I would answer that this is fine, this is good; this is the journey. You are expanding into greater awareness, greater consciousness, and this is an expansion that usually comes slowly and by trial and testing.

As in the first reading this morning, the road is not ultimately important--it's just a road. What is important is the awakening of your heart, and coming to know your heart. It's coming to know yourself as part of life, and becoming more aware of how you are one with life, and how you might serve life.

That's what the roads are for. They are not intended to bring you to a particular destination other than the destination of becoming awake to life. . .so that if while you travel, whatever road you travel, you begin to wake up to the marvel of your life, and to your connection with other life, and to a sense of how you may serve even greater life, then that road has fulfilled its purpose for you.

- Bruce Bode

### **Questions for consideration:**

Does the Road(s) Not Taken fill you regret, relief, or merely curiosity? Has it made all the difference? Is that Road Not Taken still open for you to explore in some way? Please think and name some of those roads. Does the road, as the reading asks, even matter?

## Likes and Wishes/Feedback

### Closing Words:

One day you finally knew  
what you had to do, and began,  
though the voices around you  
kept shouting  
their bad advice --  
though the whole house  
began to tremble  
and you felt the old tug  
at your ankles.  
"Mend my life!"  
each voice cried.  
But you didn't stop.  
You knew what you had to do,  
though the wind pried  
with its stiff fingers  
at the very foundations,  
though their melancholy  
was terrible.  
It was already late  
enough, and a wild night,  
and the road full of fallen  
branches and stones.  
But little by little,  
as you left their voices behind,  
the stars began to burn  
through the sheets of clouds,  
and there was a new voice  
which you slowly  
recognized as your own,  
that kept you company  
as you strode deeper and deeper  
into the world,  
determined to do  
the only thing you could do --  
determined to save  
the only life you could.

--Mary Oliver

Amen. May you go in peace. May you live in blessing.